

## Spiral Tangents Introduction and Scorecard - Updated 19th May, 2009

Summary: Steamy vignettes from Holly Evans and the Spiral Path; Rated M for sex and weirdness. Spiral references at the top of each chapter, so you know where it fits in the story.

For the smut-minded, there are a number of sexual encounters mentioned or hinted at in the Spiral Path that others may want detailed. Rated MATURE. No holds barred. We call them Spiral Tangents.

Each chapter is a standalone but fits into the continuity of the main story. Hopefully they'll appear in order, but sometimes the muse wishes to speak of times past. Background info will be provided at the beginning of the chapter, including where it occurs within the chronology of the main story. Hopefully I'll remember not to include essential story elements in these, as they are here for the fun of it.

Just for clarity, I will provide a scorecard of sexual preference as it is revealed in the main story. This will be updated periodically as more info is uncovered or circumstances change. Keeping in mind Florean Fortescue's guide to ice cream in Chapter 16, don't be surprised if something declared here isn't an absolute and subject to change over time.

### Women

Hermione is straight, mostly. Holly's working to bend her a bit.

Holly is...mentally agile, but primarily lesbian. Although to be specific, so far Holly can fall in love with someone she trusts. It's a small population.

Luna isn't right ...in the head.

Marietta Edgecomb is gay but Cho Chang isn't, much to her frustration

Most every other girl at Hogwart's is straight as far as the story is concerned. (Seriously, the Chasers; Davis and Greengrass; Bones and Abbott; Brown and Patil are just buddies; and leave Millicent alone)

## Men

Lockhart was a panderer but not entirely a pedophile, and straight. Now his skull is like the bottom of a bag of tortilla chips, so no more jollies for Locky

Dean is straight and quite the player

Oliver Wood is gay, and he has a gay study buddy in Gryffindor named Tim Dibney (OC of no other consequence)

Colin Creevey is gay, or at least a stalker of famous boys

Floreat Fortescue is married, and seems to otherwise be very open-minded

Ron has a tendency to draw the attention of gay men. It's a mystery.

Everyone else I leave to the imagination until later. Many updates should be added by Chapter 22 of the Spiral Path.

Events beginning 23rd November, 1993 12:52 AM

Holly Evans and Hermione Granger are lying facing each other on Holly's four-posted bed in the Gryffindor 3rd year Girl's dorm. Hermione is dressed in a simple light blue button-front cotton short-sleeved nightgown. Holly is wearing a loose deep green satin night shirt with matching shorts. The room is unusually warm due to the over application of warming charms by Parvati Patil and Lavender Brown, so Holly and Hermione have pushed their covers to the foot of the bed. The other residents of their room are sharing Lavender's bed and covers to offset the chilling influence of Dementors circling the Hogwarts grounds which seem to affect Holly and Hermione less. The Wizarding Wireless on Lavender's bedside table is quietly playing a classical guitar piece to help everyone sleep.

Hermione reaches over to brush some of Holly's hair away from her face, causing Holly to close her eyes and smile slightly. Hermione retracts her hand once her task is done, then waits until Holly's eyes open again.

Hermione: Holly, have you considered wearing more dresses instead of just colored undershirts and dungarees under your robes?

Holly: What, you're channeling Lavender now?

Hermione: I was thinking about ...our kiss.

Holly smiles.

Holly: I like this topic at least.

Hermione: Well, you seem to have some specific feelings for me, and I know they have been present for some time, but I was wondering if you had even considered whether you might be happy dating a boy.

Holly: Well, Dean Thomas and I sort of hit it off on the train, but he hasn't approached me and I haven't cared.

Holly gives Hermione a meaningful look. Hermione starts to play with strands of Holly's hair.

Hermione: Well, yes, well, what I was thinking is that he may find your ...usual personality a bit intimidating. If you were to wear your skirts again, maybe with the thigh-high stockings Neville gave you, you might appear less threatening. You might even find that you enjoy the attention.

Holly: So, in your mind I might see them more favorably if they saw and treated me more like a typical girl.

Hermione: Well, yes. It might do for you to feel more feminine around boys, for yourself and so they wouldn't be frightened off so easily.

Holly: True. I think Neville may question his own manhood when he's around me most days. It's tough when you're out-macho'ed by a little girl.

Hermione giggles.

Holly: Tell me Hermione; does having Ron stare at your breasts through your blouse or at your thighs when the wind kicks up your skirt actually make you feel more attractive?

Hermione: Actually, yes. It might surprise you to know, but I was not always thought of as a girl to be desired.

Holly giggles.

Holly: Fools, the lot of them! And does it make you feel more attractive ...when I stare at your breasts through your blouse?

Hermione: I usually assume you're trying to discreetly inform me that I have too many buttons undone or a spot of food on my lapel.

Holly: Well, it's no wonder you always looked worried! I do that six or seven times a day.

Holly reaches over to Hermione's forehead and rubs with her thumb at the space above Hermione's eyebrows where worry lines are starting to form.

Hermione: We were talking about your fashion choices.

Holly looks down and away.

Holly: Hermione, I...I can't wear those things.

Hermione: Why not? You wore the uniform under your robes until this year. A dress would be lovely on you. You have great legs and toned arms. You're starting to develop into an attractive woman, at least your hips are. Mind, you haven't much on top yet but you can still draw some attention...

Holly: (suddenly angry) I know! Being almost raped again this summer pressed home that point quite succinctly!

Holly rolls out of the bed to stand away from her friend. Hermione rises up in the bed, reaching her hand to grip Holly's shoulder in sympathy. Holly moves to pull out of Hermione's grip, but Hermione holds her fast.

Hermione: Oh, Holly! I'm so sorry! When did this happen? What did you do?

Holly: I...

Hermione: How did you escape? Are you hurt at all?

Holly: Well...

Hermione: Who did it? Did they get caught? Have you seen a Healer?

Holly: Oooh!

In frustration, Holly turns around to the bed and jumps onto Hermione, grabbing her head with both hands and kissing her solidly on the mouth until she stops protesting and just sits there agog. Holly leans back, still holding onto Hermione's head in her hands. Hermione is still looking a bit stunned but almost starts a new line of questioning

that is interrupted with two fingers of Holly's hand applied on her lips. Hermione cocks an eyebrow in irritation.

Holly: I did that because you want answers but won't wait for them to be given before asking another question. If you continue to do this, I will insist upon kissing you like that in public. Often. It's a burden, but one I'm willing to shoulder.

Hermione: Cn I ssk uh qstyn nw?

Holly smiles and lets go of her friend's mouth.

Hermione: You really like me in that way, don't you?

Holly's cagey teasing expression melts into a look of longing.

Holly: (slowly and with careful enunciation) Breathlessly. Desperately. Unquestionably.

Hermione stops making little gasping noises at the extra syllables to put up a measure of protest, looking away from Holly as she does so.

Hermione: You know I don't...what I mean is you are...we aren't meant to...

Holly: I will not assume anything. You have proven you care for me, which means more to me than anything else in this world. I have killed a serpent for you. If all you can give me is an endless supply of your wonderful hugs ...and forgiveness when I steal a kiss or two like I just did, I would still be overwhelmed enough that you care for this...creature I am becoming to die happy. But I'd like to do more.

Hermione: I....I....I...

Holly: I love you, too.

Hermione: I ...wasn't going to say that. Not that I don't; I just don't want to give you the wrong impression. Do you know what I mean?

Holly: Maybe, maybe not. I just meant that in addition to everything else I said, I also love you.

Holly moves forward again to kiss Hermione. Hermione leans back then sees the hurt look on Holly's face. Hermione looks away and back at Holly. This time Hermione leans forward to the edge of the bed and they meet in the middle, with both girls moving their lips against the other's for a moment. Holly breaks off the kiss and stands back to arms length again.

Holly: I know you wouldn't do this with anyone else, any other girl that is. What I want to know is, would you open your mind to the possibility of enjoying something more with me?

Hermione: But that's not the way I think of you.

Holly: Why not?

Hermione: I'm sorry?

Holly: Don't be sorry, just think about why you feel that way. Look, let's lie back down and relax. I hope you can trust me that we aren't going to do anything that will make you want to leave. I couldn't bear it if you couldn't be my friend enough to stay.

Hermione: Alright. There is no one I trust more than you, Holly. I am impressed with your restraint, actually. You've nearly held back all term on this, haven't you?

Holly: Sleeping two feet or less away from the one I want to kiss to sleep each night? No, it hasn't taken too much willpower...

Holly and Hermione share a restrained giggling laugh and lay back down in the bed facing each other. Holly pulls out her wand from under her pillow and points it at the bed to her right where Parvati and Lavender are cuddled against the Dementor's chill.

Holly: Somnus. Silencioso. That should keep them from being disturbed.

Hermione looks at Holly suspiciously.

Hermione: What are you up to?

Holly's light-hearted demeanor returns.

Holly: I am trying to seduce you. I'm warning you ahead of time so we can't consider it underhanded. If after listening to me for a few minutes all you can do is laugh I'll leave you alone about it.

Hermione: That seems fair.

Holly: Maybe this would make a good Occlumency exercise. I'd like you to try and isolate your thoughts, specifically about the societal formula of man plus woman makes baby and is happy, if for no other reason than it's a lie.

Hermione: (giggling) What are you talking about?

Holly: For the most part, Man beds Woman, Man is happy. Woman beds Man to make Man happy, and begins to plot how to make Man more like a woman. To keep Man interested, Woman beds Man many times, eventually making a baby. Woman has a new project, also feels like a bloated spawning bio-machine and Man is unhappy because Woman doesn't want to bed Man when she feels like that. Man is pressured into staying around for the gruesome metamorphosis of girly girl into infested whale, then Woman pops out little ugly version of Man, which Man promptly picks up and declares "Look what I made!" If Woman doesn't kill Man or Child, Woman returns to the previous task of making Man into a woman using baby for leverage, and starts bedding Man again when things get difficult and Man starts to look at other women. Rinse and repeat.

Hermione: You have (giggle) ...the worst seduction technique in history!

Holly: Thank you. I love you, too. Now, close your eyes. I want you to think on this.

Hermione closes her eyes with a disbelieving smirk.

Holly: I'd like you to envision a time and place where you don't need to think about the formula. You and I spend time together walking in empty sunlit fields.

[pause]

Holly reaches out to gently grasp Hermione's hand in her own.

Holly: We share our plans, our thoughts, our feelings.

[pause]

Holly shifts forward towards Hermione in the bed.

Holly: We allow our shared dreams to bring us together. We walk together, protecting each other from the uncaring world, because we care for each other.

Holly kisses Hermione once but slowly on her now slightly parted lips. Hermione's breath becomes audible. Holly licks her lips then continues in her low whisper

Holly: We touch each other in ways to bring pleasure, knowing to touch places in ways we like being touched.

Holly sees Hermione's lips anticipating her next movement, and applies her open mouth to Hermione's. Their lips come together seamlessly and Holly's tongue darts out to tease between Hermione's lips and teeth. Holly limits their french kiss to a fervent 10 seconds. Their clasped hands wrap together during the kiss, and Holly's other hand barely brushes against Hermione's knee at the end of the exchange.

Holly: Eyes stay closed.

[pause]

We come together to express an appreciation of what one means to the other, and to give each other a gift of loving pleasure with no obligation but to honestly enjoy oneself.

[pause]

Holly doesn't move, waiting for Hermione to make the next connection. A moment passes and Hermione's eyes open and lock onto Holly's. Holly connects with Hermione's mind in a Rapport for a long moment, long enough for Holly to send an emotional plea; 'let me love you'.

Hermione: Okay, let me think a minute.

[pause]

Hermione rolls onto her back, closing her eyes to lay there in the moonlight. Holly stares as Hermione's breasts slowly rise and fall, pushing up the thin cotton at the unbuttoned opening of her nightdress. Hermione's eyes pop open suddenly.

Hermione: Right.

Holly is startled by Hermione's sudden movement to roll over Holly until she is lying on top of her with each of Holly's hands pinned under Hermione's grip. Hermione fairly shoves her tongue into Holly's mouth, causing the surprised girl to almost start giggling in joy, but Holly quickly responds in kind to Hermione's assault on her mouth, and the girls continue to snog passionately if clumsily for a good minute. Hermione then breaks the kiss and raises herself above Holly to gaze into her friend's green eyes. Hermione's arms are propping up her torso so that the opening in her nightdress reveals the curve of her breasts and the growing hardness in her nipples.

Hermione: I don't know if this is going to work out. I don't know if this is what I really want, but I see no reason not to explore these ...feelings we share for each other.

Holly smirks.

Holly: That's very reasonable of you.

Hermione's hair falls out of its loose plait to cascade around her head. The moonlight from the outside now lights the short space between their faces with shadows and filtered golden hues. Holly catches her breath in her throat. Their bodies are beginning to rest together comfortably, their legs resting between each other.

Hermione: Also, I'd like to point out that even if we do hit it off, I still want to explore this ...stuff with boys as well, and I think you should also.

Holly scowls slightly.

Holly: Me? Why?

Hermione: How can you say that you only want women if you've never tried it with a man? I don't mean the full monty, but you can at least explore if there is a boy out there that might 'rev your engine', otherwise your argument is only self-serving.

Holly smirks once more.

Holly: Hermione, it's sex, of course it's self-serving.

Hermione smiles and closes her eyes, nodding her head slightly at Holly's teasing. Holly takes that opportunity to rise from the mattress and presses her lips to Hermione's. Their kiss quickly grows deeper and Hermione lets her arms relax so that the two girls' bodies are able to intertwine in the heated embrace. This second extended kissing seems to flow better, with each girl allowing the other time to explore the kiss with their lips and tongue. Holly pulls away following a lingering pull on Hermione's lower lip.

Holly: And I don't 'only want women', I only want you.

Holly flips Hermione over to the side so that she can use her bare leg to wrap Hermione into a deeper tangle. Hermione leans in to recapture Holly's lips. Their arms shift and move over each other's body sustaining the close embrace. Their pelvises start rubbing against each other, eventually causing them to break from their passionate snog in a gasping duet of excitement.

Holly: Hermione, this is great and I want you to enjoy yourself, but I don't think you should try anything involving my vagina.

Hermione: What's wrong?

Holly reaches between their legs and pulls the remains of her pyjama shorts and knickers up between them and away, showing Hermione how they are rapidly falling apart due to Holly's excited secretions.

Hermione: I thought that things were getting unusually tingly. Oh, Holly this is so unfair!

Holly: Let me worry about that. I just want you to enjoy yourself. It makes me happy that way because I'm making you feel good.

Hermione sheds a single tear as Holly smiles and pushes Hermione flat on the bed. She starts to kiss her way down Hermione's body, unbuttoning the night dress until Hermione's young but full breasts are exposed to the moonlight. Holly licks and kisses her way around Hermione's tender chest as Hermione begins to breathe heavier again, causing her chest to rise into Holly's open mouth. Holly wraps her lips around Hermione's hardened left nipple and Hermione shrieks in a moment of surprised enjoyment. Holly's hands had been caressing Hermione's hips and flanks even as she rested her weight on her elbows, but now Holly moves her left hand up to cup Hermione's firm right breast as she continues to tease and lick the other breast to Hermione's pleasure. As Holly moves to kiss further down Hermione's body, she keeps her left hand caressing the outer curve of Hermione's right breast, using her thumb to tease the stiff nipple. Hermione's gasps indicate the motion is appreciated. Holly pushes her own chest down to splay out Hermione's legs beneath her. Holly uses her own hardened nipples poking beyond the opening in her satin nightshirt to tease Hermione's swollen crotch, twisting her torso so that her left nipple rubs against Hermione's clitoris as she concurrently bites gently on Hermione's lowest rib. Hermione yelps once more and her breathing comes shallow and quickens. Holly takes a moment to sit up enough to remove her nightshirt and pull away the broken up remains of Hermione's knickers using a flick of her sharpened quilltip finger to cut through the waistband. Hermione

also pulls off her now-tattered night dress, exposing her naked body to Holly's appreciative gaze. Hermione stops, a feeling of embarrassment overcoming her that causes her to cover her breasts with her arms and let her head droop as she draws her legs up and knees together.

Hermione: Are you sure you want ...me? I'm not especially attractive. My breasts aren't that big and they're uneven. I have bushy hair...

Holly: Wild and untamed, but not where it matters. Did you forget having shorn yourself down here? There isn't a hair to be found!

Hermione: I mean it Holly! I'm...ohhhhh.

Holly interrupts Hermione's latest protest by slipping her hand down Hermione's belly and cupping her bare-skinned sex with her palm and then allowing her middle finger to slip easily into the moist folds and circle the entrance to Hermione's warmest areas.

Holly: No, not a hair out of place that I can tell. Perhaps a taste test is in order.

As Holly moves to push Hermione's knees further apart and return to her crouch in front of Hermione's exposed sex, Hermione's hands reach to cup Holly's face. Hermione pulls Holly up to give her a deep kiss. Holly smiles as she kisses her friend, reaching her free arm around Hermione's back while the other hand continues to grasp at Hermione's intersection between her thighs and rub the tender center lips with her fingers. Their lips and tongues keep crashing together as Holly continues to stimulate Hermione with her hand. Hermione continues her kisses holding Holly's head loosely with her arms, occasionally running her hands through her friend's burgundy locks.

Hermione: Honestly, I...(ooooohmmmm) ...I didn't have much hair there yet and...(Gasp)...I ...I just wanted you to know. (Ohh, just like that) That I want you (Ohhh how I want you) (GASP) ...I want you to do this. I want...

Holly breaks off the intermittent kisses with a smile to hop back down between Hermione's legs and give her friend's swollen clitoris the

same sort of deep tongue kiss that had prompted the discussion in the first place. Hermione gasps and bucks at the sudden change, wrapping her legs loosely around Holly's shoulders to open herself more while throwing her head back into the bed with a loud gasp. With that encouragement, Holly begins to whisper in her secret language. Hermione can't feel or sense anything different at first, but she is quickly distracted as Holly starts to run her tongue along Hermione's inner lips, causing Hermione to squeal and buck once more.

Holly: Get sset for a ssenssation!

Hermione starts to lift her head to ask what Holly means when she suddenly feels Holly's tongue enter her deeply. Somehow Holly has extended her tongue because Hermione can feel the thin but active muscle stretching deep into her until she feels it lick the opening of her uterus in the depths of her sex. Holly's split tip at the end of her tongue works in tandem to tease the deep recesses of Hermione's sexual path, sending Hermione's nerves into an overload of stimulated tremors. At the same time, Holly's hands sinuously caress their way back up Hermione's belly and ribcage to grasp and massage her breasts.

Hermione: OOOOHHHh GOD! AHHHhhh Ahhhh GOD!

Holly continues the emphatic assault on Hermione's inner chambers while nuzzling Hermione's clitoris with her nose. Hermione's whole body seizes up and then starts to writhe in place under Holly's forceful licking. Holly's hands move down from Hermione's breasts and around to grip and massage Hermione's arse, holding her in place for Holly's unusual tongue to bring Hermione untold heights of pleasure. Holly starts to focus her love and her magic into the serpentine tongue, roughly scribing runes on the inner walls of Hermione's vaginal chamber. With twirls of Holly's tongue pressing insistently on the rough surface close to the entrance of Hermione's sex, an orgasm rips through Hermione like wild fire. Her every nerve screams out in pleasurable overload, then starts to build up again to release a second burst of ecstasy seconds later. Hermione feels something more powerful building in her that begins to frighten her, but she realises she is quickly losing the ability to form words. Her

hands keep trying to grip something; the bed, the headboard, Holly's hair. Another orgasm tears a scream from her as she begins to panic. Hermione tries digging her nails into the stronger girl's shoulders in an attempt to get some control over the rising brain-breaking euphoria.

Hermione: H-H-H-Holly, puh...please. Holly PLEASE. Oh GOD! Holly! HOLLY! Oh GOD! YES HOLLY I WANT YOU! I WANT THIS but PLEASE! PLEASE! (Gasp!) (Gasp!) (Gasp!) Please, you muuuuuuuuu STO-O-O-OP!

Holly stops her insistent work and freezes in place. Hermione senses the end of Holly's torturous pleasuring of her but then suddenly her whole abdomen starts clenching together in a hurricane of orgasmic waves. Holly slowly retracts her tongue from Hermione's clutching and spasming vagina, and then climbs up to embrace her dear friend as she continues to clench and shudder. Hermione's nerves throughout her body feel wave upon wave of overarching release rushing through them again and again, breaking like thunderous explosions of pleasure in her mind. Holly grins in enjoyment listening to Hermione's near continuous gasps as she clutches desperately around Holly's naked torso, nearly crushing Holly's leg where Hermione has wrapped her thighs around it. Holly's own sex is feeling heavily stimulated by Hermione's twitching against her leg and vulva, motivating Holly to rub her herself on her friend's spasming thigh. Hermione barely feels Holly's movements as she suffers painfully yet deliciously through a storm of orgasms. Holly's response to Hermione's convulsing rises to an enjoyable climax in just a few short moments, evidenced only by a long gasp and a short declaration by Holly.

Holly:                  Mmm!                  Mmmh!                  Mmmmmmmh!  
                        MMMMMmmaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAaaaahhhhggh! OH Hermione! I love  
                        you!

Holly clutches carefully at her friend, afraid to accidentally squeeze too hard and cause a broken rib or unintended bruising. Hermione continues to flex and clamp down on Holly's hip in uncontrolled orgiastic throes. As Holly relaxes from her own orgasm, she starts to stroke down Hermione's spine in a calming, reassuring way. Finally

Hermione's ecstatic fit begins to subside and her body falls almost totally limp. Occasional afterbursts of oversensitized erotic feeling spark across her body, causing twitches here and there. Holly gently pulls her embrace closer over her stunned friend, holding her tenderly and whispering calming words into Hermione's ear. The bushy-haired girl just lays there limply in Holly's arms, feeling the occasional random firing of pleasure sensors throughout her body. After about twenty minutes, Hermione finally looks up into her friend's deep green eyes. Holly looks back down into Hermione's brown eyes and whispers.

Holly: I love you. I'm so sorry I overdid it, but I just wanted you to know just how strongly I feel for you.

Hermione says nothing, but tears start to stream out her eyes, and she clutches Holly tightly until she falls asleep a few minutes later, as exhausted as she has ever felt in her life. Holly keeps holding Hermione as she uses her wand to clean up the evidence of their lovemaking, though they are both naked as their bedclothes have been tossed or destroyed in the process. Holly finally closes the curtains on the four-posted bed with a quick spell and sticks her wand back under her pillow. Holly pulls Hermione to her warm embrace and kisses her forehead.

Holly: Oh, Hermione. I think maybe I broke you.

Several minutes pass as Holly relaxes into an exhausted slumber. Then Hermione's eyes open briefly with a sudden final shiver.

Hermione: (Gasp) Forty ...two.

The bushy-haired girl snuggles deep into her lover's embrace as she starts to cry again.

Hermione: (Sniff) You're going to kill me if we keep this up.

Spiral Tangent: Holly and Dean's first, last and only date; AKA 9 1/2 hours

Placement: December 1993; beginning of Chapter 20 'Who Are You'

What you need to know: Holly Evans attends Hogwarts in place of Harry Potter. Hermione and she bonded over the Troll incident and other adventures. Holly is known to be much like her namesake-prickly and poisonous, but with Hermione she acts more normal. They have been sleeping next to each other at night due to the effect of Dementors laying siege to the castle by order of the Minister of Magic in hopes of catching the escaped convict Sirius Black. Holly has recently convinced Hermione to explore beyond their close friendship to be lovers despite Hermione's declared heterosexuality. During their first such encounter, Hermione challenged Holly to see if a boy could 'rev her engine'.

(This part takes place in Moaning Myrtle's lavatory/laboratory where Holly and Hermione spend their off-hours brewing special potions.)

"You were serious about that?"

"Yes, Holly! In as much as I enjoy our time together, I still consider it just a measure of our closeness as friends. If you or I were to start dating a boy, I wouldn't expect you to continue ...pleasuring me. It might affect the relationship we would be building with the other person. Were you expecting something different?"

"I was expecting you to be so overwhelmed by my 'pleasuring you' that you wouldn't see the point in bothering with boys, particularly since you're dedicated to following the recommendations of Miss Twistbritches in 'Why Witches Should Wait'"

"It's Twilliger, and there are very potent reasons to hold off losing your virginity until the wedding night. Several rituals and enchantments are possible only under those circumstances."

"Yes, I believe some of them involve demon summoning.'See the extended works at 40 galleons a pop for further information'."

"I take it you won't be waiting, then."

"I hadn't given it much thought. I doubt my situation would fit in those rituals."

(Gasp!) "Oh, Holly! I'm sorry! I forgot! Please forgive me!"

"Hmmm, leverage or forgiveness? You know you make me juicy when you gasp like that!"

"Scamp!"

[pause]

"Bookworm."

Hermione walks up to poke me in the belly.

"Evil child."

I give Hermione one of my smouldering looks with a partial smile.

"Troublemaker."

Hermione may be trading insults with me but her breathing is getting heavy as she steps up in front of me to reach her hand towards my cheek, pulling me to her.

"Auburn seductress!" She dips her head forward and down to plunge the depths of my mouth with her tongue.

"Immature Succubus!"

Hermione's breath catches in her throat; I've never played our game to six syllables before. My hands reach around her waist to slide down her skirt-covered arse.

"Holly, if you don't start taking my clothes off soon, I'm going to faint! Oh! Ooohhhhooorrr you could just bypass that entirely... (Gasp!)"

"You're the one who keeps wearing skirts..."

Hermione wraps her arms around my shoulders to help support herself. My hands slipped around to bunch up her skirt, weave under her arsecheeks and start fingering the base of her slit from behind. By lifting her up partially I am able to move one hand forward enough to tease her clit while the other supports her weight while still massaging the entry of her vagina. Hermione starts hyperventilating. I lift her up and move us to rest her back against the wall, allowing my supporting hand more entry mobility. Hermione comes within a minute.

(Gasp!) (Gasp!) (Gasp!) (Gasp!) (Gasp!) (Gasp!) (Gasp!) (Gasp!) "UUhhhhhnnnnnnHolly! (Gasp!) Holly! (Gasp!) Holly! (Gasp!) Holly! Holly! Holly! HOLLLLLLYYYEEEEEMMMmmmmmm!"

I ended her scream of pleasure with what pulp novels would call a 'torrid kiss'.

Later on...

"And you were serious about that?"

"Yes! Go ask Dean for a date!"

"Oh, alright."

First I have to find a private spot to scream loudly for both of my causes of frustration. Then I'll see about arranging some Dean-time. I swear she left me horny on purpose.

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I found Dean Thomas lounging in the Gryffindor common room sketching away. As I approached him from behind the chair, I got to look at his work first. He was drawing two of the chasers, Katie Bell and Angelina Johnson, in the exact pose we could both see they occupied on the other side of the room, only in Dean's rendering both girls were mostly naked except for some very detailed lingerie.

"You're very good."

"Ahh! Evans! What the Hell?"

"I was observing your work. You really make them come to life."

"Yeah, um, Holly. Don't...ah...don't tell them..."

"...about your artistic derivations? Wouldn't dream of it." I walked around in front of him and sat in the chair to his right. Dean watched me as I walked, taking particular interest as my hips moved past his face. I may not have any boobs, but he already mentioned he appreciated my lower half when we last spoke meaningfully on the Hogwarts Express.

"So...what brings you to my temporary studio?"

"I...I thought...I thought we might learn a bit more about each other. You said on the train that you'd like to get to know me better, and now that my Quidditch career has been cut short, I find I have a little more time for ...such things." At the end I remembered to smile a bit. It must have looked a bit unnatural, for Dean was giving me a look like he'd been propositioned by a hedgehog.

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Holly Evans just asked me out? No way! I could've sworn, Hell the whole room could've sworn she was batting for the ladies after she gave me the brush off on the Express! It was the first time I hadn't made a girl blush when I was giving them my focus since I was ten. Now she wants to ride the Thomas train? Something isn't right, yet she's sending all the right signals. She did save Diggory at that last match, and he's a dish even I wouldn't mind sampling, if my backdoor wasn't 'Exit only'. Proceed with...

"Dean, this isn't rocket science. Do you want to spend time with me? I mean, you seemed all interested before and I can't believe I've gotten any more hideous since term began..."

"No, no! I mean, yes. Yes, I'd like to spend time with you. Do you have to go anywhere right now or would you like to go for a walk?"

"I'll make the time."

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Alright so the first movement has been executed with a minimum of fuss. I suppose I should show interest in his talents. It isn't difficult; he's really gifted. Besides, if I phrase the questions right I might learn more about other people of interest from his perspective.

"Tell me about your art. Is your embellishment on the chasers based on hearsay or personal experience?"

"Hah! Wouldn't you like to know?!"

"I wouldn't have asked...yes, actually, I would like to know."

Down girl! Hermione says it helps if you're not scary to start with!

"Ehhh, right. I might have seen a peek of...well, no. I use catalogues for reference on the fabric and just let my eye tell my hand how to fill in the fit. That's where most people can't get the hang of drawing- it takes time to figure out how to make your hand understand what your eye sees or your mind imagines. There's a translation that happens."

"Are you good with languages as well?"

"Nah, that was just a metaphor."

"You seem to have gift for using both your hand and your mouth."

"Uh, thanks. Say Holly, um... not to put a damper on our conversation but why are you seeming more...dim?"

Oh, shit. He's caught on already. I can't do worshipful and ditzy. Sigh.

"Yeah, that's not playing right, is it? I just...I want to give this an honest try. I don't know what you would want from me, so I was trying to be more, well, Lavender-like."

"Yeah, Holly, that's dumb. I wouldn't touch Lavender; she hasn't much to interest me. You, on the other hand are quite the mystery. I don't mind digging into mysteries."

"So long as they aren't life-threatening?"

"Yeah, you can keep those."

"I seem to collect them. I promise to lock Pandora's box every night."

"Whew! I feel safer already!"

Hey this bantering bit actually kinda works for us.

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Well, this has been an interesting couple hours. Now that the delightful Miss Holly is not trying to play the player, let's just see if we can break down some more defenses. I gotta ask about Hermione- it should explain a lot.

"Holly, um, this may seem a bit forward, but I was under the impression that you and Hermione were an item. I'm not about to be hexed by the mad bookworm am I?"

"Whah...Ah. Well, the thing is...well crap. I should have anticipated this would be an issue. She's not going to hex you."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh yeah! This was mostly her idea ...ooh, that doesn't sound right does it?"

"Not really. You'd best tell me what's up here. If we can't be honest with each other, build trust, there's just no point."

"Right. Right. Here's the thing. I find you attractive. Normally I only find Hermione appealing, but she's not...we're not...she insists that we're just the closest of friends. She also thinks that I haven't even considered dating a boy because you're all frightened of me and how

can that be appealing? She has a point. I kinda hit it off with Florean and he wasn't afraid of me..."

"Whoa! Whoa! You made out with the ice cream guy?!"

"What? No! He just...we had an interesting conversation is all. During the conversation he made me realise that I can be turned on by someone other than Hermione. He opened my eyes a bit."

"What did he say?"

"Ehhh...it loses something in the retelling. Ask him to explain his view on customer's preference for ice cream sometime. If you're paying attention, you'll end up horny at the end."

"Does it still?"

"On occasion..."

I give her the Look when she turns back to lock eyes with me. There's the gasp and the blush! God, she is hot! Even without a rack she just moves like she's prowling. I can tell she's warming up quick. Better play this careful- she is dangerous.

"Would you be offended if I kissed you now? I really feel like we've made a connection."

"Hmm. C'mere."

Whoa! Damn this girl can kiss! She just blows by the peck on the lips for a 'Hello tonsils, nice ta meetcha!' tongue-shake! Good as this is, I gotta get control of this. Maybe a little Voice.

"MMmmmm, Holly! Wow! I wasn't presuming anything that involved. But thanks! I guess you really like me."

"I guess I really do! (Sigh) I have classes that can't wait any longer. Can we pick this up at dinner?"

"I wouldn't miss it! Sit with me. Oh, I may have a thing. Don't feel bad if I'm late. I'll make it up to you, later."

We'll see if things are working out tonight. This could be my own Christmas pressie for myself!

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Well, that went swimmingly. Now to find Hermione so we can Turn back for the second run. I'm really tired, but I have something to look forward to after our nap!

\*\*\*

6:15 and we enter the Great Hall to find... whoa, she looks anxious and fatigued. It's only been a few hours. I wonder why she looks so beat down? Hopefully she'll still have energy for some private study time, heh.

"Holly, there you are! I'm sooo sorry. I thought I might get caught up in this thing and...uhh, Holly?"

She's grabbed my arm and is dragging me out of the Hall, but the look on her face is not a good thing. That's the look Platt's brother had when he found out I took her virginity. Better get ready to run...

"Dean! I have an important question for you, and I need you to answer it honestly. Lives may be at stake."

"Uh, Okay."

"Were you sidelined by a Professor or cornered by the Slytherins in the last few hours?"

"Uh, no. No, I just was working on this...uh...project for Sprout on illustrating these plants and..."

"Oh thank God."

Wham! Super kiss! This girl is Hottentots HOT! What was I thinking before? We could have been making magic all term!

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Seeing Dean enter the Great Hall was a relief. I had a bad feeling all afternoon, so much so that I couldn't sleep! Hermione insisted on staying out of my way the moment we were done Turning and I couldn't find the Twins to get the Map back. I was just sure something awful happened to Dean, and I was equally sure it was because he was seen with me. Now that I have him in this corner, I feel like I need to tell him how much trouble my life could bring him. Or we could keep up with the kissing. Yeah, the kissing is good.

"MMMMmmmm Holly! Holly, I'm Okay. And you are... great! Where'd you learn to kiss like that?"

"Ohh, let's just say I have an excellent study partner. Oh! Wait, never mind that. Listen, Dean. I need to tell you something..."

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Holly seems so serious. This could be big. I better add some reinforcement.

"Could we sit down and eat first? I'm hungry, and you look like you want to eat a whole cow! Split one with me and I promise to keep my hands clear! Big evening meals are definitely made for you."

"Ehh, Okay. I could do with some nourishment, but what I have to say should be done in private. Let's find a quiet place after dinner, alright?"

"Absolutely. I know just the place."

Whatever she's got on her mind, her body is taking us right where I want to go!

\*\*\*

I haven't eaten as much since the morning after Hermione and I first coupled. Dean seems relaxed and upbeat. I could use a little calm in

my life, though not Professor Oatmeal calm; more like the way Florean is calm. Dean just acts like it's all going to work out, so we don't have to worry so much. I just noticed I've been holding his hand throughout the whole meal. Wow. Non-Hermione human contact. I maybe could get used to this.

\*\*\*

Holly's got a dangerous life. If just one tenth of what she just told me is true, I'm trying to bump nasties with a lightning rod for trouble. Gotta admit; it's quite the turn-on. If I do this right, we can have a happy time and then cool off until she survives the next disaster. I've heard living on the edge like that makes the sex extra potent. I guess we'll find out.

"Holly, that's...that's extraordinary. I'm kinda blown away. You might need to help me here. If your life is that scary, well, I'm... (sigh) I'm not sure I can handle it. My life is just a cock and bull story by comparison, you understand? I'd want to kiss it all goodbye and leave it behind, if I were in your position."

"Uhh, Dean?"

"Yes Holly?"

"I'd like to make you feel better about this, but if you don't move fast your clothes are going to be torn apart."

Bingo.

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So now we're enveloping Dean's cock with our mouth. It is warm and I can feel his pulse as it throbs throughout the firm yet soft yet spongy yet hard...I'm making myself wet just describing this. I can also feel his enjoyment, at least, it feels inside of me like I'm doing right by him, and that's making me happy too. The mechanics of the activity were described in one of Aunt Petunia's 'Get Holly Knocked Up' manuals, but the experience is something else. It just feels so good knowing that running my tongue up and down the side of his cock, bobbing my

moistened lips over his bulbous head and then adding a nice moan as I envelop the first four inches with my mouth is bringing him such pleasure. Grimjack didn't mention any particular Parseltongue magic that could help with this aside from the tongue-lengthener, but Dean doesn't seem to be missing out...

"Oh God, Holly! You suck me so good! You're the hottest girl I've ever known! Oh use your tongue like that! It's so niiiiicccce!"

Nice equals Dumb. Initiating diagnostic.

\*\*\*

MAN this is the best I've ever had it! How can this girl who has never touched a man before me know how to bring me to the brink of cumming again and again yet still squeeze in just the right place to keep me from spunking?

Whoa. Why'd she stop?

WHOA, we're on the last flight now! She's bobbing her head so fast I swear I can't keep up with her! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum!

"Holly, Oh God! Swallow me hard! Take it all down! Swallow it all!

\*\*\*

I seem to have collected as much as he's going to put out this time. I pull out his cock with a pop, keeping my mouth sealed shut. Once I've retrieved the Erlenmeyer Flask from my pocket, I spit out every drop of Dean's seed into the opening and cap it off.

"No, I don't think so."

"(Gasp) Oh! (Gasp) Oh! (Gasp) You were great! Whah, wait. (Gasp) Why didn't you...(Gasp) why didn't you swallow?"

"Tempus Advensor. Because I didn't want to. Rather, I think I'll keep it. You never know what you can do with a man's seed, unless you have some preserved at hand when you run across the right formula."

"What?!"

"I think our time together is over. You are very attractive; I've heard some of the pureblood girls teasing about studding you out to help their weakening bloodlines."

"You... you can't..."

I grab his balls in my tightest grip. I can tell I've got his attention because his face just turned purple and his eyes are bugging out at me.

"Try this vocal daterape trick on anyone under my protection and we'll see how many bastards you can afford to take care of without any hands for drawing!" I let go of his crotch and shake the flask for emphasis.

"How...how will I know who's under your protection?"

"Perhaps you should err on the side of caution. At the rate you boys are disappointing me, I may decide that all girls are my interest."

Dean loses his cool and runs off, nearly killing himself stumbling out of our hidey-hole with his pants around his ankles. At first I was very angry, but then I realised that even with his special talent, I was also 'looking to score', in my way. I answered Hermione's question as well. Boys can 'rev my engine'. I just haven't met one that deserves the ride. In the end I expect this may damage my reputation slightly, but I doubt it will hurt things that Dean will be scared of me for the foreseeable future.

Oh, who am I kidding?

**THAT FUCKING BASTARD JUST RAPED ME!**

I'm going to go find a hole to crawl into, or just use this one. I need time to put myself back together again. Hermione isn't to blame, but I can't share this one with her either. Let her think it just didn't work out. Then make sure to hold her tight as I can every chance I get.

I seal the closet shut and cry into the night.

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